THE MIDDLEBURY CAMPUS

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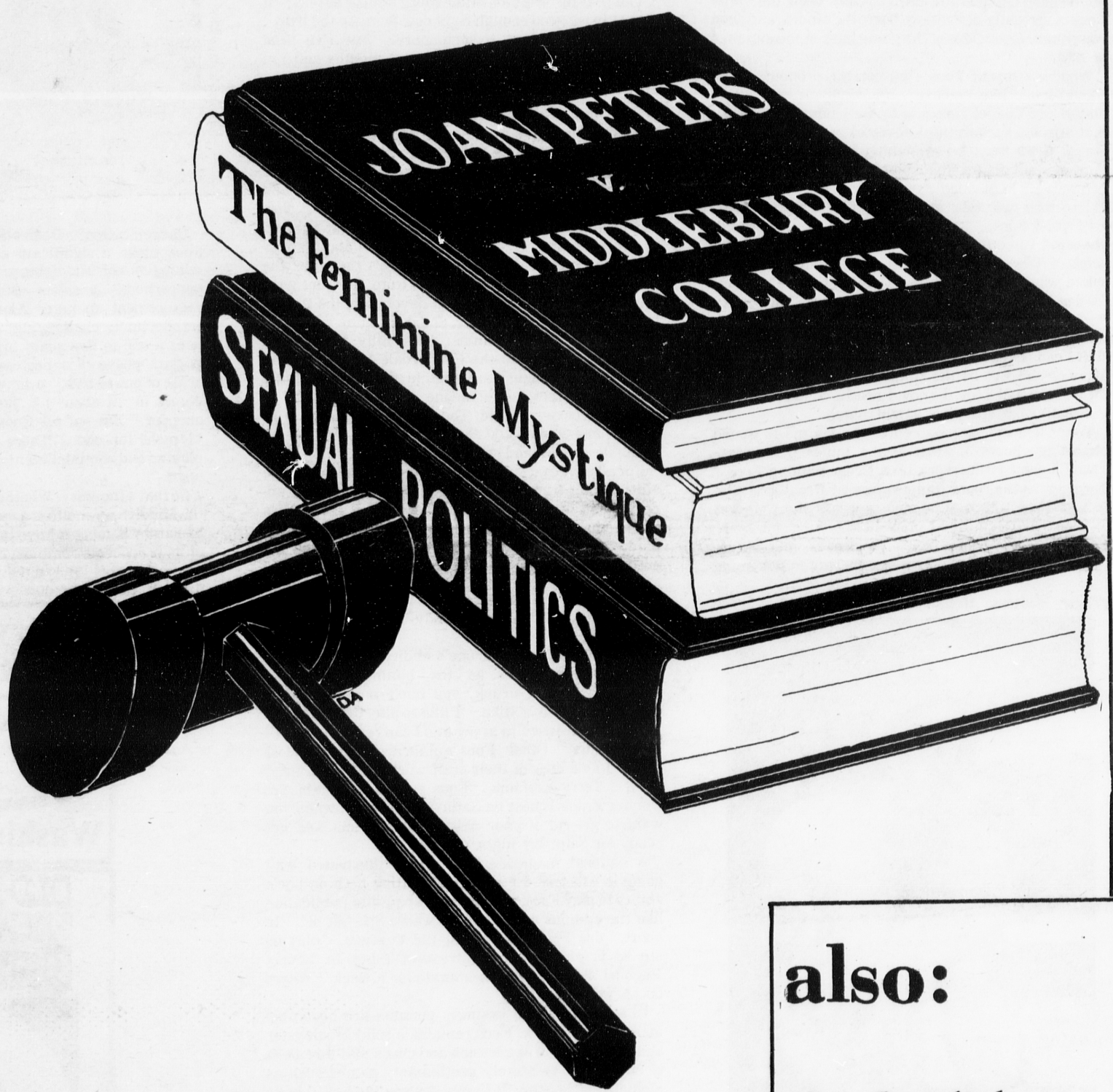


also:

the first lady
foos fetishists
stan digs dirt
students v. dollars
hunting
among savages

scientia et veritas... et foos?

By DAVID A. SALEM

Sitting in Old Chapel at eight o'clock in the morning can be a sobering experience. But one could hardly restrain at least an occasional chuckle at the goings on inside those hallowed halls one morning last week when debate among the deans began over the latest student proposal, a request to amend the College's ancient motto, "Scientia et Virtus."

The source of this seemingly outlandish request was that intoxicating sport sweeping the nation, known to all as Foosball. An Americanization of the German word Fussball, the game, if translated into modern English, becomes a rather nasty expletive unsuitable for print in a distinguished newspaper such as this. Middlebury campus life hasn't really been the same since a sprightly old widow from Baltimore endowed two primitive versions of the game back in the summer of 1902.

What is it about Foos (the correct pronounciation should sound like "moose", a nice rhyme with "Virtus" if Old Chapel consents to the student proposal), that attracts such faithful devotees as it now claims? Surely there must be something intrinsically rewarding in slamming a solid plastic ball across a table littered with 22 plastic figurines, since the idle minutes at Proctor's two tables are few and far between.

"I play Foos," says Bern Terry, a sophomore, "because I like to show off. You see I'm amazingly good..." When Foos' answer to Muhammad Ali is asked what motivates him to play Foos he replies: "When I Foos not only do I benefit from it, but society does as well." Explain? "I work up in Proctor and you really get pitted out working up there. At the end of my shift I can never decide whether to take a shower right away or not. But by the time I stop down here for a little shake and Foos, I know I need a shower. I mean you really work up a pit in a tight match."

Tom Clements, a sophomore who claims to spend almost ten hours a week at the tables, disagrees: "Naw, I don't really work up a swear playing Foos." Tom claims the room temperature at Proctor is perfect for Foos, although he always wears short sleeves to insure unencumbered movement.

Short sleeves, long sleeves, no sleeves, it is an undeniable fact that Foos is well on its way to becoming the next big spectator sport in the U.S.. "Look at the advantages of it," says one Foos afficionado, "you have no big equipment expenses, no big squads of 40 or 50 players. The only big expense I can foresee if Foos becomes an intercollegiate sport is in transporting the cheerleaders and the band , but they usually work that out anyway."

Foos as an intercollegiate sport may sound a bit farfetched right now, but Foos on the professional level has been a reality for some time. Last month the 3rd annual national championships were played in Denver, Colorado. For $113,000. That's right, 113 g's. The national doubles champs took home a cool $20,000 out of that, and the runners up split the rest,

The pros for some of Middlebury's top Foosers? "I know I'm not good enough right now to make the tour," sighs Mike Loughry, a sophomore. "But I've been playing 5 to 6 hours a week for 3 or 4 months and I'm getting better all the time. Someday..."

Ah, but that someday is more than likely a long way off for most of Middlebury's top ranked amateurs. "The pros just have an amazing repertoire of shots," says a promising young Foos player who does his thing at the Alibi's tables. "The standards, the ones everyone knows, are your pull shot, your push and shoot, and the more demanding pass and shoot. Now I've never been to a pro Foos tournament, but a friend of mine who went to one came back with about six or eight moves I couldn't believe. There's the slice, the pinshot, and a whole slew of shots from different guys around the country: the Detroit devolution, the Boston boogie, the Manassa mauler, and even some defensive set-ups with catchy names; the Philly freeze, the Louisiana shuffle and the Lauderdale lay-off are my favorites. My friend said that in the semi's of the tourney he went to, someone tried to pull off a devolution from midfield. The defense countered with a Louisiana shuffle and the crowd got so worked up two ladies fainted and had to be carried out."

For all its recent success, however, Foos remains the butt of numerous jokes and cracks aimed at undermining its growing national following. The jokes make light of the fact that Foos is most often played in bars and taverns, leading to the conclusion (and not entirely unwarranted) that the best Foos Players are the ones with the strongest kidneys. "The pros put out a disabled list the other day," a quote in **Sports Illustrated** went, "and everybody on it had cirrhossis of the liver."

Does imbibing enhance one's ability to execute such elaborate manuevers as the infamous Manassa mauler? "Playing drunk, you don't have as much coordination," says Mike. "I like to play defense when I'm drunk because I'm hyper and I can react to the ball much better." Other Foos authorities agree: "Most people lose a little of their stuff when they're drunk," Bern Terry explains. "Foos sobers you right up. Playing drunk is best on Saturday morning, when you want to get rid of your Friday night drunk and get ready for Saturday night drinking."

A national magazine like **Sports Illustrated** isn't going to examine the effects of getting high on one's ability to play Foos, so a more responsible publication like the **Campus** must take up where S.I. left off. "In short," one Foos addict told the **Campus**, "playing stoned is probably the next best thing to having Racquel Welch as your roommate for a week." Where do his priorities lie?

In a society whose leisurely pursuits are becoming increasingly violent, Foos remains a solid breakwater against the tide of aggression and chaos that threatens to engulf once relatively gentlemanly games such as football and hockey. "I like to destroy the ball," Mike Loughry says, "I guess I'm just not a finesse player." But the better Foos players will tell you different: "Violent players tend to be not as good as finesse players. It's really power combined with a certain moderation that produces your world class players in Foos. It doesn't matter how physically endowed you are, you've got to have solid concentration to play this game, to get the good execution you need to win."

photo by kim reiland

...play this crazy game?

Concentration? Dedication? Self-sacrifice? Does Foos make a significant contribution to the overall education of Middlebury students? "As far as I'm concerned," answers Bern, "Foos should be a requirement up here. Along with Baby English." Intellectually challenging? The student course guide uses a one to five scale to measure this vitally important phase of a professor's performance. "On a scale of one to five," a long time devotee said, "Foos comes in at about 1.1, just ahead of sitting on the crapper." But not all Foos fans feel this way, Tom Clement for one: "There are intelligent ways of playing and non-intelligent ways of playing, like in any sport."

So that's the story. Whether "Foos" really belongs in the Middlebury motto is a question that the Old Chapel hierarchy is going to have to wrestle with. "Foos," one of its proponents reminds, "is the essence of a liberal arts education." How did that line go? "To Foos, or not to Foos, that is the question"...isn't it?

What drives these men to...

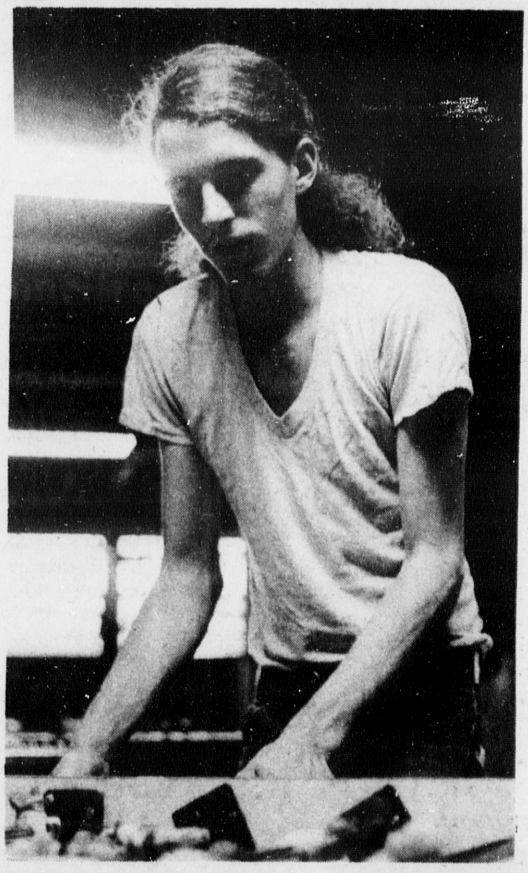


photo by kim reiland

Bakery Lane Food Shop

Washington Street

OLD FASHIONED & NEW FANGLED GIFTS 'N STORE 2

2 PARK ST MIDDLEBURY

ALIBI
I KNOW ALL THIS LOOKS REALLY SINISTER BUT RELAX. RELAX. UNWIND. SIT BACK. TAKE IT EASY. RELAX. YOU'RE FEELING VERY TIRED. YOUR EYELIDS FEEL HEAVY, VERY HEAVY, YOU MUST SLEEP.
YOU ARE NOW UNDER MY POWER AND YOU WILL DO AS I COMMAND!
THE NEXT TIME YOU HEAR THE WORD DICHOTOMY YOU WILL BE SEIZED BY AN UNCONTROLLABLE URGE TO QUIT SCHOOL.
AT THAT MOMENT OR ANYTIME COME TO THE ALIBI AND THINK IT OVER. I WON'T GIVE YOU AN ARGUMENT.
ALIBI
TW

advertisement

college on trial

peters takes sex discrimination suit to court

By GINNY HINRICHS

The three year old Joan Peters' Case climaxed last week when six members of the Middlebury College English Department appeared in Rutland's Federal District Court. Peters, who currently teaches at the City College of New York, was a member of the Department from 1971 to 1973. She is suing the College for sex discrimination under Title VII of the 1964 Civil Rights Act.

Peters alleged her contract was not renewed because of her sex and feminist politics. She claimed to have fulfilled what she saw as the three criteria for faculty evaluation: teaching competence, scholarly contributions, and contributions to the college community.

Witnesses called on Peters' behalf sought to prove that she adequately fulfilled these three criteria and that her non-reappointment resulted from sex descrimination.

The College's defence based on the testimony of English Department members, hinged on the issue of teaching competence. Professors Robert Pack, Henry Prickitt, David Littlefield, Robert Hill, Edward Martin, and David Price testified.

In her testimony, Peters cited her high evaluations in the 1973 **Student Course Guide** (3.9 and 4.1) as an indication of her competence, her work on her dissertation as her scholarly contribution, and the two week women's conference she organized in the fall of her second year as her contribution to the community.

"I was highly complimented on this two-week festival that I had helped to get started and follow through on," she said. Two other former English teaches, Madeline Gohlke and Judith McDaniel also spoke in Peters' behalf.

"...she was asked to bring the coffee and I was asked to take the notes..."

Gohlke, who appeared September 23, was an instructor from 1968 to 1971. During her first year, she had a child. She testified that in January, 1969, she met with Department Chairman Henry Prickitt: "He called me up to ask me if I was interested in having my contract renewed, and I said, 'Yes, of course.' I assumed that he would know that, and I asked him why he asked, and he said he thought I might want to retire after I had my baby."

When her contract was considered for a fourth-year extension, Gohlke again met with Prickitt.

"He told me that my contract would not be renewed," she testified. "He said that my teaching of freshman English was not adequate. He said that, and he mentioned my family situation without being very specific about what he meant."

Gohlke also described reaction to a Winter Term course she proposed entitled "Readings in Women's Liberation" : "When I proposed mine there was general joking, and one member of the department asked me if I was going to require the women not to wear bras."

" ..some of my best friends are feminists..."

Joan Peters arrived at Middlebury in September 1971. Because Littlefield was then on leave, Prickitt was the person who hired her. Peters told the court: "When I was hired I was told that I couldhave three one-year contracts renewed annually...I understood that I could be there three years, and they would encourage me to leave after that."

In November 1972, Peters was informed that she would not receive a third year contract.

During Peters' stay at Middlebury there was another woman, Ann Barker, in the English Department. Peters recalled a Department meeting when "she was asked to bring the coffee and I was asked to take the notes... I took the notes at that meeting and subsequently there were no notes taken."

Citing other examples of cases when she felt her colleagues treated her differently because of her sex, Peters told the court: "The Professor from Dartmouth had arrived (at a Senior Oral Examination)...and he (Littlefield) introduced me by saying, "She's young and pretty enough to be the victim, but believe it or not she's the examiner here today.' "

She also testified that when she asked Pack whether he had time to review a book of poetry for her, he replied: "I always have time for a beautiful sex object like you."

In her testimony, Judith McDaniel described experiences during her two-year stay at Middlebury to support her claim that sexism was not uncommon among members of the English Department.

Wednesday saw the testimony of present English professors.

Robert Pack , the first to take the stand, said that Peters' contract was not renewed because her "intellectual ability did not equal the expectations of Middlebury College English professors... I felt that the mind lacked agility, freshness and perception."

Pack said he based his personal opinion partially on the judgments of his colleagues and on student comments which he described as "adverse."

Pack, who sat in on one of Peters' oral examinations, alleged she was "not articulate in the asking of questions, and "not helpful in directing the student."

Telling the court that he was "unimpressed with the initial interview with her," Pack said he did not change his opinion during Peters' two-year instructorship. Although he said she had an "undistinguished literary mind," he conceded that she was a "pleasant, nice girl."

"...we were looking for a woman for the job..."

When Peters first applied for her job, Henry Prickitt was in charge of screening letters and applications. Although he observed that "much of her work in the Renaissance was in Continental rather than English authors," Prickitt said "she appeared to me to be a strong candidate... We were looking for someone to teach sixteenth and seventeenth century English literature."

"It was my feeling that the Department should have a woman," he said. "We were looking for a woman for the job."

"I called Professor Michael Muen at the University of Chicago and quizzed him at some length as to whether or not she was capable of teaching upper level sixteenth and seventeenth century literature courses. He assured me that she was," Prickitt told the court.

Referring to her teaching ability, Prickitt testified that "Early in the first semester I had a conference with two or three freshmen who were dissatisfied with what was going on in the class because the literature was not being taught at a sophisticated level."

He said that reports from juniors and seniors indicated that "Ms. Peters was not able to articulate about the literature."

Prickitt said he "thought her performance not nearly as strong as we hoped it would be," and recalled her role in a staff paper topic planning meeting: "I didn't think I learned much from her... I thought her contribution mediocre."

Despite these reservations, Prickitt recommended that she be appointed for a third year terminal appointment, but that she teach only freshman and sophomore level courses.

"...she's young and pretty enough to be the victim, but believe it or not, she's the examiner here..."

Edward Martin, the next witness called, said he first met Peters at a Modern Language Association meeting in 1970. He was sent there by the College as a recruiter and it was his recommendation that brought Peters to Middlebury.

Under questioning, Martin said he "felt her performance very competent." Asked about her performance in an honors examination, Martin said he "found her questions to be generally intelligent and engaging," and he recommended that she be reappointed for one year.

David Price, who was a junior member of the department when Peters was hired, told the court of a lecture on Ben Johnson which Peters had been expected to present. According to Price, Peters claimed she wasn't familiar enough with the material to give the lecture.

"...Ms. Peters was not able to articulate about the literature..."

"I thought what a shame, that she would have to be learning about English Renaissance authors while at Middlebury," Price said. He described her lecture on Donne as "competent... average for a first lecture."

Of her overall teaching ability, Price said that "we would be well advised to try to find someone more qualified to teach upper level courses in the Renaissance at Middlebury."

Although Price testified that "some of my best friends are feminists," he said under cross-examination that "some members of the English Department could not say that some of their best friends were feminists."

Robert Hill called the Donne lecture "at best, a rather mediocre performance...it didn't seem to me to be very well researched or inventive."

Hill also told the court that "I believed that she was spending too much time in her feminist interests and not enough on the preparation of her classes... I thought we could do better getting someone else in this very important field."

David Littlefield, who was Department Chairman during Peters' stay, said that while he was unimpressed with the content of the Donne lecture, he had complimented her on her presentation. Littlefield also told the court : "I had received reports that Joan had introduced feminist points of view into her classroom procedures." He stated, however, that he knew of only one such incident. Littlefield later told the court that he considered the incident "not political, rather, inappropriate."

"...too political for Middlebury..."

Questioned about his views on feminism, Littlefield replied, "I believe it is important that women's rights be advanced. As far as what feminism is, I'm not sure." Further questioning brought out the facts that there were no women in the English Department when Littlefield arrived in 1953, and that Gohlke was the first female to be hired as a full-time English instructor. Presently, the Department has eleven men and one woman.

Littlefield, when asked his opinion of Judith McDaniel, replied, "I have a very high estimate of her professional qualifications as a teacher and as a scholar and as a citizen on campus. She was actively engaged and highly regarded by students and faculty on campus."

According to Prickitt, the decision not to renew McDaniel's contract was purely administrative. Although there was an opening in the English Department for which she considered applying, Prickett said the administration refused to accept her application.

Joan Peters again took the stand and testified that Littlefield had told her she was "too political for Middlebury and might accept employment elsewhere."

Former President of the College James F. Armstrong testified Tuesday in the Federal District Court in Montpelier. The court is not expected to announce its verdict for several more weeks.

EDITORIALS

overshooting students

"It will be the policy of this administration to state the goal (for enrollment) and then deliberately overshoot it... otherwise a faculty member's salary is in jeopardy," said President Robison at Breadloaf. "There is no effort being made to expand Middlebury in the foreseeable future. There is a commitment to stay within the 1840-1850 range," said Dean Wonnacott in an interview.

Enrollment now stands at 1912. It has averaged over 1900 for the last three falls. Butt "next year the institution is going to try to get enrollment back to 1800," said Dean of Admissions Neuberger.

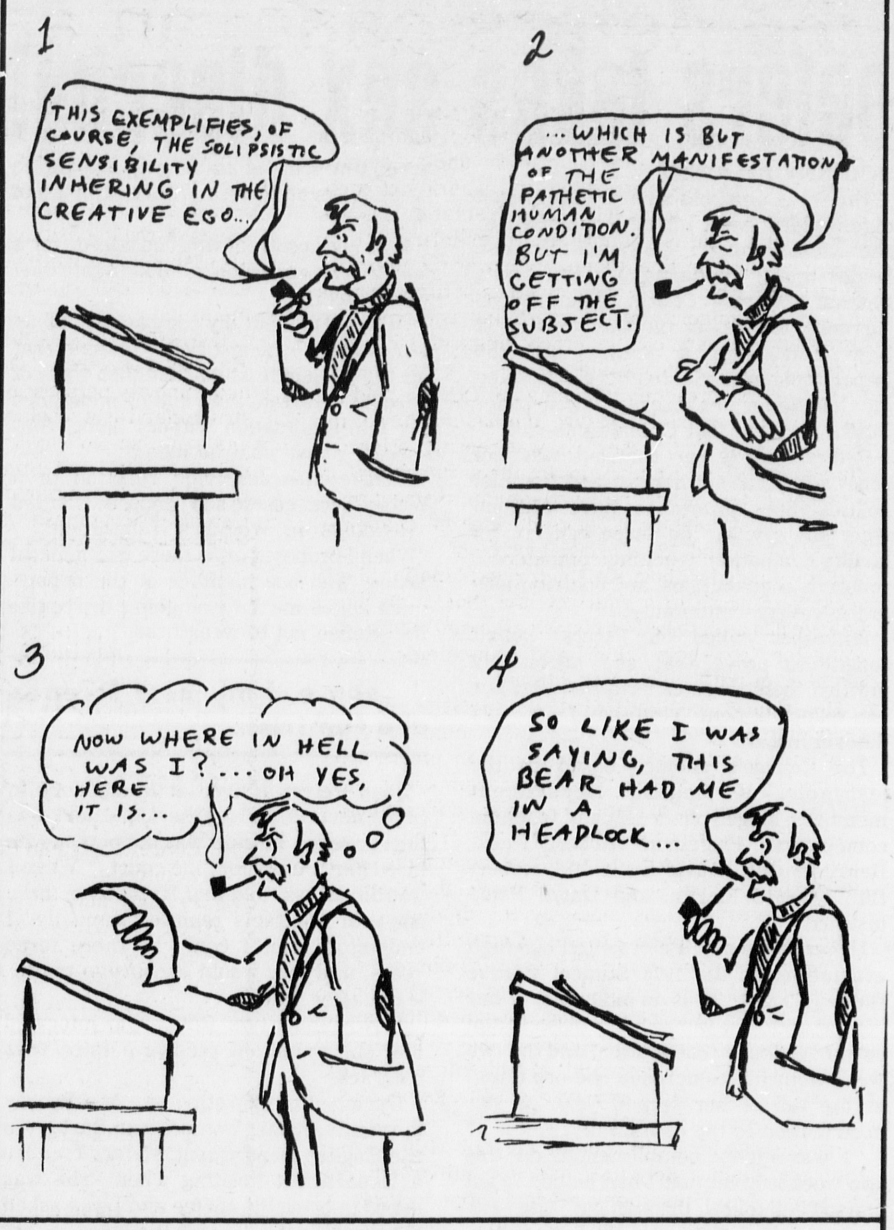
More than a credibility gap exists here. Is the College committed to the goal of 1800, or to enough students to provide adequate funds? Where exactly do we stand in the trade-off between financial difficulties and overenrollment?

Overcrowding means more than students living in lounges or long lines in the dining halls. It also means the quality of education must diminish.

The goal of 1800 students is easily attainable. The freshman class can be underaccepted, with any slack filled by those wait-listed. Regulations concerning readmission can be strictly enforced. But three years of miscalculations can only produce speculation as to whether the Administration actually wants 1800. If it does, why can't it achieve it?

Middlebury's strength lies in its academic environment. It is this which makes the College so popular that it can constantly overenroll. But the cycle cannot continue forever.

If the College is to provide the best possible education, it must limit its numbers. Financial considerations are important, but they cannot be allowed to overshadow our primary goal. Because in the last analysis, if learning suffers enough, finances will make no difference at all.


1
THIS EXEMPLIFIES, OF COURSE, THE SOLIPSISTIC SENSIBILITY INHERING IN THE CREATIVE EGO...
2
...WHICH IS BUT ANOTHER MANIFESTATION OF THE PATHETIC HUMAN CONDITION. BUT I'M GETTING OFF THE SUBJECT.
3
NOW WHERE IN HELL WAS I? ... OH YES, HERE IT IS...
4
SO LIKE I WAS SAYING, THIS BEAR HAD ME IN A HEADLOCK...

the middlebury campus

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RETROSPECTIVE

"A Place for Everything" is an editorial by Caroline Smith, '60, then associate editor, reprinted from the CAMPUS, Volume LIII, October 2, 1958.

A Place for Everything

"Freshmen, scatter! Freshmen, run! '62's Hell Week has begun!"

The echoing of this chant through the halls of Battell North and South Sunday night signaled the beginning of three days of carefully planned humiliation and embarrassment for the women of the class of '62. With the ostensible purpose of "getting to know the freshmen," the sophomore women had compiled lists of requirements and regulations calculated to strain '62's study schedules, wardrobes and tempers.

From Monday morning through last night, freshmen women would wear no makeup, no crinolines, no belts, and nothing in their hair. They carried large stuffed animals in the dormitories and on campus and wore dress hats at all times. They could use only the side doors of Munroe and, being forbidden to cut across the grass, had to cover much extra territory to get to class. Monday all freshmen women wore white; Tuesday, clashing plaids; Wednesday, black.

Harmless? Perhaps, but also pointless. What about the attention span—to say nothing of the academic dignity— of a class filled with unsecured pony tails and clashing plaids? And the best hat ruined in the rain? And why should freshmen prompt or clever enough to secure back seats in Chapel remain seated until all upperclassmen have left—and perhaps miss supper in the process? What innate superiority gives an upperclassman the right to request that freshmen eat their desserts with their knives?

Of course freshmen should learn the words of the traditional College songs, and it is not too much to expect that they know a little of the history of their school. But there are better places and better times for demonstrating knowledge of the former than 6 a.m. in back of the Battells, and there are more effective and more impressive ways of learning the latter than having to memorize 25 pages of facts on one evening's notice.

Hell Week's purpose is indeed an admirable one, for outside of the classroom freshmen and sophomore women do not have a great deal of contact. But might not a joint outing, or a project of the Help Week variety, introduce the women of '61 and '62 as adequately and arouse as much freshman spirit—and at the same time avoid the embarrassment, and that slight tinge of resentment, which can make Hell Week unpleasant for all concerned?

In the case of Hell Week, the end does not justify the means.

the peters case: an analysis

By NANCY RYAN AND MARIO COOPER

When two parties meet in Federal Court to debate contradicting stands and leave to an unbiased third party the right to determine the legal validity of each, the resulting situation is inherently dramatic. It is one law firm against another, presenting their organization of pertinent facts, vying for the mandate of the Court. This article is not an attempt to confirm or subvert the authority of the court, but rather is two observers' opinion of the proceedings of Dr. Joan Peters vs. Middlebury College.

Dr. Peters, presently teaching at CCNY, holds a doctorate in English Literature and has a contract for a book on Homer's Odyssey. She was recently offered a Junior Fulbright Fellowship to teach literature in France. Peters was employed as an instructor of English at Middlebury College during the academic years '71 - '72, and '72 — '73, at which point her contract was terminated without satisfactory explanation. She is seeking to prove in a court of law that Middlebury College has established an historical sexual bias, and is suing for "equitable relief" and reinstatement as a member of the English Department.

The College contends that the decision of non-reappointment was based upon an evaluation of her teaching capabilities. Department members successively testified that she was incompetent as a lecturer, naive as a critical analyst, and seldom a contributor in departmental meetings. When student opinion was solicited, the negative comments of individuals seemed to carry more weight than the supportive evaluations made by the Student Course Guide and the Student Advisory Committee.

Peer evaluations in most cases were based on but one lecture given by Peters in her first term employed here. Though this lecture was designed for an introductory course, it was felt that it lacked significant depth. Peters was not told of this unsatisfactory evaluation, but rather received encouragement as a fine performer. Each member of the English Department who testified on September 24th asserted that her feminist activities had not influenced their decisions. Later testimony revealed that Peters was "too politcal for Middlebury and should look elsewhere," and that "a large university might be more congenial in working for women's rights," and that her time used for feminist activities might have been better spent in preparing lectures.

The issues that this court must determine are as follows: Peters' professional capabilities as an instructor and as a scholar; the equitability of her review and how her colleagues may have been adversely influenced by her feminist pursuits; finally, whether the College's employment precedents created an historical sexist bias that led to the termination of her time, employed in the English department of this institution. None were told, though it was discussed among their colleagues, that their teaching abilities were not believed to be meeting department standards. All felt exluded from casual interaction with the senior males of the department. All are confused and bitter about their experience here, and hope that this suit will ease a difficult situation for the women who follow them.

The Affirmative Action statement on p. 18 of the Handbook declares, "The College is recruiting women and minority persons as actively as it recruits white males." Each year, women and minority persons who meet and exceed Middlebury's standards complete graduate degrees. Granted, it is difficult for a college of our size and location to attract most top professionals. But if the College wishes to strengthen the credibility of its Affirmative Action statement, department chairmen must make a concerted efforted to recruit women and minority persons, and must insure thorough and equitable evaluations of their teaching performances.

contract.

From evidence presented in testimony, we believe that Gohlke, Peters and McDaniel did not receive customary professional treatment while employed here, nor did they receive equitable review of their performance as lecturers. These women are all doctors of literature, all feminists, and were all, at one

the waterman file

By STAN FIELDS

Forum Chairman Paul Waterman is a nice guy, But my editor- in-chief won't let me write about nice guys. "Go out and dig up everything you can on this Waterman fellow," he growled. "Don't let anything get in your way. The **Campus** must know it all."

I pulled the Waterman file from our Records Department. Like all our dossiers, it lacked nothing. At the age of 4, Waterman accidentally knocked over a glass of milk. At 9, he brought a hamster to Show and Tell and it got loose. I tried to find out if the hamster thing was a deliberate effort on his part, but the facts weren't all there. Even so, there was nothing scandalous enough to satisfy us.

A quick call on the 'yellow' phone got me in touch with the infamous Bumbers Unit. I gave them the details: The **Campus** would supply all expenses. Their mission was to find all of Waterman's skeletons and take them out of the closet and into our office.

One week later a neatly tied plastic bag sat outside my room. It was Waterman's garbage. I searched through seven day's worth of used tissues, discarded notes and empty candy wrappers. The best I could come up with: **He doesn't like Nestle's Crunch Bars**. It wasn't enough.

The Plummers dutifully trudged up to Hadley Six and bugged Waterman's room. Aha, I thought, now we've got him. For endless hours I did nothing but listen to every conversation that took place in his room.

I couldn't believe my ears. Waterman actually took care of Forum business in an efficient, pleasant manner. Waterman actually dealt responsibly with problems that arose in his dorm And worst of all: **He actually worked on his courses**. Now we were getting somewhere.

What worried me most, though, were the nights. What if Waterman suspected his room was bugged and deliberately kept down the noise level at night? The obvious answer: cameras.

Our men installed in Waterman's room two microcameras which functioned in total darkness. Impatiently I waited for the films to be developed. This should do it, I was sure.

The results were beyond my wildest expectations. Now I knew what Waterman did as midnight approached: **He read in bed**. And not just anything.

Though the prints were bad, I could clearly make out some letters on the book cover. They were "The Holy Bi..." I had my men check every book in the library that began that way, and finally they came up with an answer. The book was a Bible.

The Bumbers next tapped Waterman's phone. Surely there had to be a few conversations he would not want the world to know about. Every time Waterman's phone rang, I jumped to my own phone to listen in.

Mostly I heard innocent conversations dealing with Forum business. But one night Waterman picked up his phone and dialed an Easton, Connecticut number. I held my breath and listened. The shock was incredible: **He called his mother**.

The Waterman file was now filling rapidly with all this scandalous material. We ran a mail check to see if anything suspicious was being delivered. Mostly the mail summaries contained only innocuous notices and friendly personal letters.

The end of the month came and Waterman had received nothing in the mail which we could use. But finally it arrived. It looked harmless enough in its brown paper wrapping. When we peeled off the covering, though, there was no hiding the fact: **He subscribed to the Audubon.**

I turned in the findings to my boss. He was not pleased. "I want scandals, and you come up with mere dirt. This is your last chance--come up with the goods or out you go," he snarled.

The Bumbers knew what they had to do and they set about doing it. They gathered up four of the most nubile freshmen babes on campus. In the dead of night, they deposited the quartet in Waterman's room.

The following day, the entire staff gathered in the **Campus** office to watch the films and to listen to the tapes of that fateful night. We knew we had Waterman right where we wanted him. I watched my editor-in-chief licking his jowls as the film started to roll.

Waterman's face registered some surprise when he noticed the four lovelies surrounding him. But the next few hours of film sealed the Chairman's fate forever. This was material of the highest order.

The conversation among the five began slowly enough. But our foursome played their role to perfection. By morning the ultimate in scandal had been achieved: **He organized them into a Forum Landscape-Improvement Working Group.**

It's all over for you now Paul Waterman.

letters to the editor

unjustly accused

To the Editor:

In reading the **Campus** of September 25, 1975, I came across Bob Carolla's article entitled "Homosexuals Gather in Gifford." What caught my attention was a slanderous attack on the Delta Upsilon fraternity and the fraternity system in general. I feel that as a newspaper, the **Campus** should offer information in its unadulterated form. Unfortunately, you fail to live up to my expectations.

The fact is that you have wrongfully identified the hecklers as brothers of Delta Upsilon. Again you criticize us in your editorial. I openly welcome you to defend the charges you make by specifically naming the individuals involved. I realize that this can be considered trivial but to categorize the hecklers as belonging to Delta Upsilon is a gross injustice and damaging to our name.

We, as a group, wish not to interfere in the activities of other students at Middlebury, but rather we respect them as other individuals to choose their activities under their own volition. Articles and editorials like these seem to reinforce the opinions of certain people in our community who look negatively on the fraternity system. We do not run around "en masse" acting as vigilantes.

I just wish that you, Mr. Heinrichs, and you, Mr. Carolla, will change your style and report to the student body an unbiased view of the news around campus.

Sincerely,
Jerry Quinn, Vice President
Delta Upsilon Fraternity

We sincerely apologize. The students were from another fraternity. —**Ed.**

is this asia?

To the Editor:

I spent a lot of my summer in Asia. In most places I watched my belongings like a hawk for fear of stealing. I only lost two unimportant items, a flashlight and a comb. I was lucky, for some tourists had lost a lot more: money, baggage, passports, etc. I found it hard to blame the thieves, most of whom needed money to survive; i. e. , to buy their dinner and take decent care of their families and themselves. Who was I, a rich foreign invader, to judge these poor people.

Since most people at Middlebury can afford the essential items of life I thought that when I got back I could relax my eagle eye and not have to constantly keep track of my possessions. Apparently not, for I've already witnessed three cases of stealing this year and remember others from past years.

I could justify the stealing in Asia because for some it was literally the only means of survival. At Middlebury I can't justify it in any way. The thieves here are pretty low scum and no doubt ought to be pitied.

Now I will sound judgemental and preacherly. I thought I was returning to civilization and not a jungle. Here at Middlebury, where most of us have got so much, I don't think it would be too difficult to respect each other's property. If we don't we'll end up in a continuous state of fear.

Sincerely,
David Byrd

mrs. robison... her role is support

Editor's note: Sylvia Robison, like her husband, Olin, grew up in Texas. She met her mate while the two were undergrads at Baylor University in Waco. Married shortly after graduation, she worked as a history teacher in the public school system to help put Olin through theological school. Six months before her husband was to be graduated he changed his mind about a life in the ministry. They pulled up stakes and moved to England where Olin earned a PhD in church history.

When they returned to the United States Olin was offered two jobs - a pastorship in a Baptist church and a position with the Peace Corps in Washington, D.C. "It was one of those rare times you realize you're making a decision that will affect your whose life," she recalls. They chose the Peace Corps. From there Olin moved to the State Department.

Next, Olin accepted an offer for a job in academia, on the administration of Wesleyan College in Massachusetts. While at Wesleyan, Sylvia began work on her Masters Thesis which "isn't quite finished yet." Re-locating once again in Maine when Olin became Provost of Bowdoin College, she got involved in women's issues.

In an interview last week with CAMPUS Features Editor Kim Reiland, the new First Lady of Middlebury College had some things to say about women, about Middlebury, about her husband, and about herself.

CAMPUS: When you were at Bowdoin did you do anything directly connected with the college? Were you teaching there or working there, I mean?
Mrs. Robison: Not really. It wouldn't have been politic to have a paying job at the college for, I suppose, all sorts of obvious reasons. The only direct academic participation I had at Bowdoin as one of a number of participants in a course in the Womens' Studies area. We put together a course that involved probably eight or ten different women from various fields, which was a senior seminar at Bowdoin. I think the title was something like "Introduction to Womens' Studies" or some kind of general umbrella title in which a number of people came in and conducted one or two class sessions. I conducted a session which had to do with the history of education for women, growing out of my master's research which involves a lot of things which touch on the history of education. I was specifically interested in education for women. But, I wasn't, in fact, in charge of the course, I was just one of eight or ten people involved in it.

CAMPUS: I'm intrigued by your connection with the Women's Studies program at Bowdoin. As you might or might not know the Women's Action Coalition here at Middlebury has done a lot of legitimate complaining over the past few years about the lack of women on the staff at Middlebury, both on the regular teaching faculty and in the administration. I wonder if you have considered any of those things, or if you think it is beneficial to a college like Middlebury to have more women on its staff?
Mrs. Robison: Oh, I think clearly so. In fact, my husband was instrumental in bringing a number of women into Bowdoin, both as faculty members and as staff members. I appreciate the difficulties of finding just the right person for the right job, but I certainly support the idea, and I know that he certainly supports the idea and is interested in bringing more women to the college. Especially where you are a co-ed college and have been co-ed for many years it ought to be easier and it certainly makes a lot of sense. It's a shame that qualified people are so hard to find.

CAMPUS: Are you in favor of the Women's Lib movement, or are you a Women's Libber in your own estimation?
Mrs. Robison: I think that the label "Women's Libber" has become a loaded term. I wouldn't want to designate myself as a Women's Libber unless I could define the terms, I suppose. But, generally, yes, I am in favor of most of the things that are generally thought to be part of the Women's movement. Equal pay for equal work for example.

CAMPUS: Would you consider your husband a Liberated Man?
Mrs. Robison: Definitely. Yes, I think he's one of the most liberated men I know, in terms of his attitude towards women as individuals. Yes, it's certainly so.

to be continued next week

photo by kim reiland

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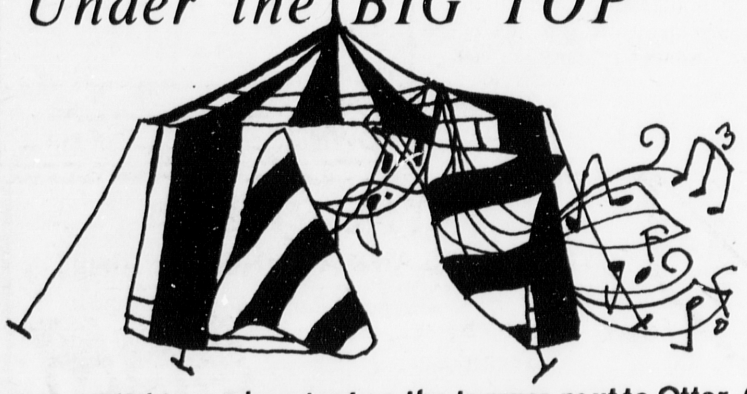

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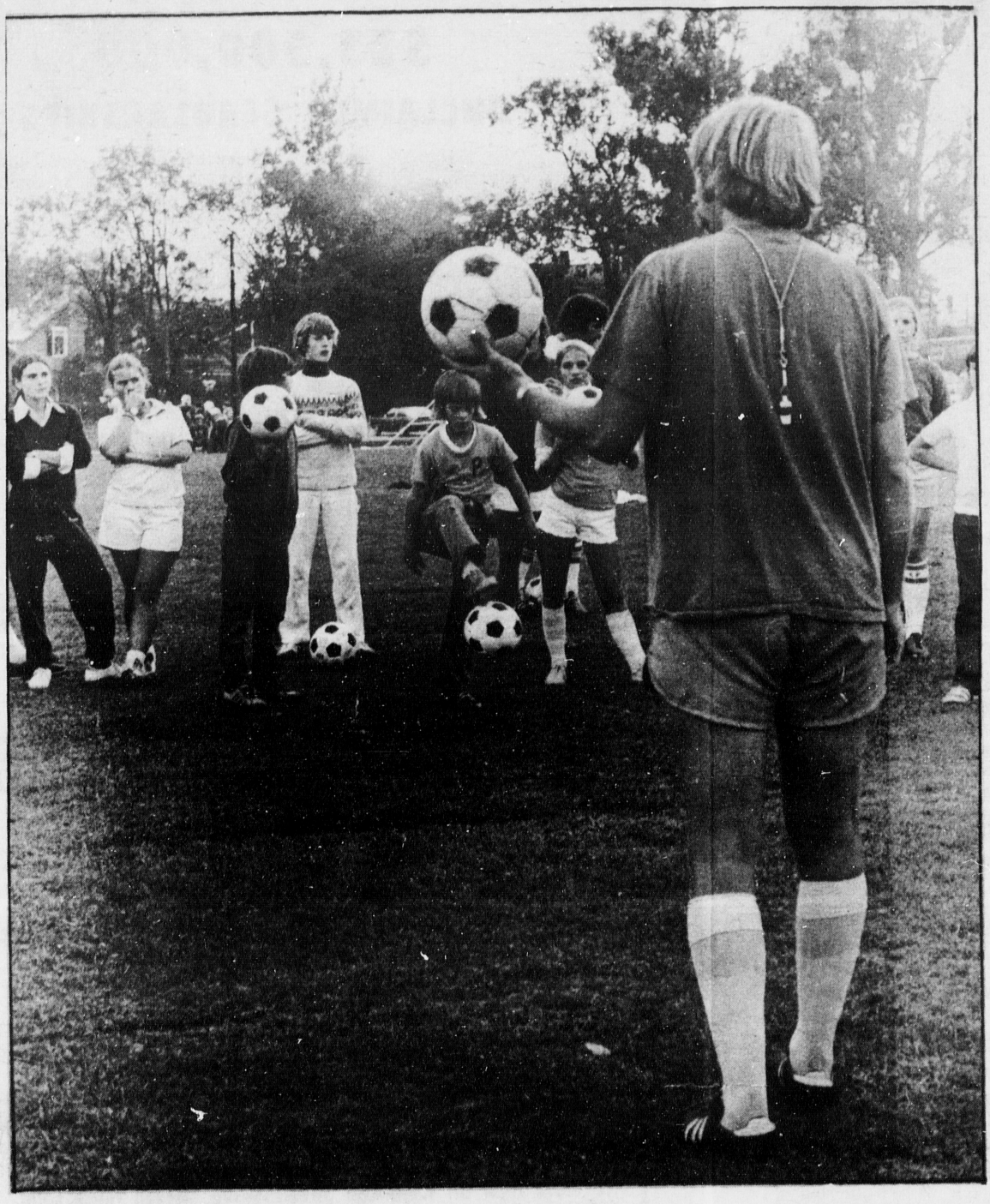

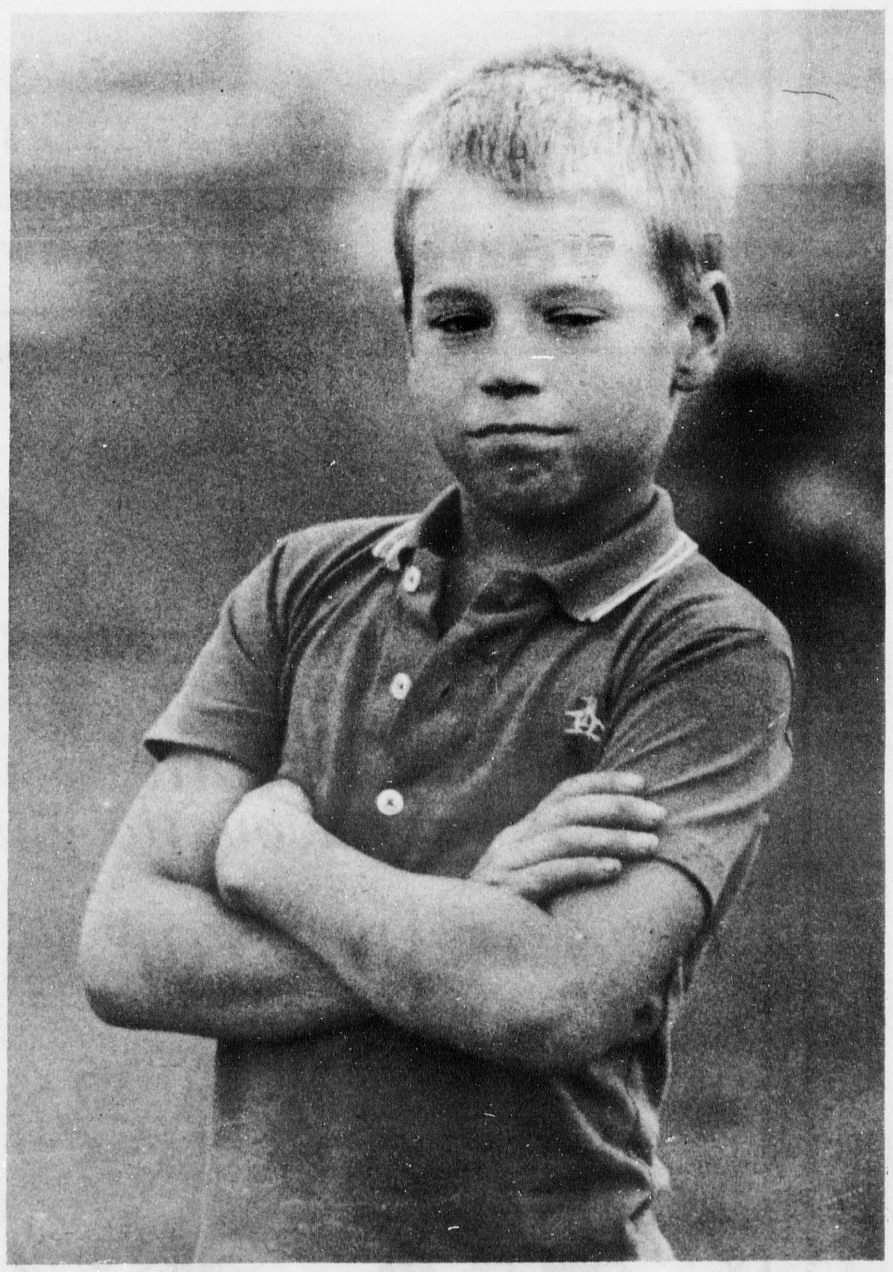

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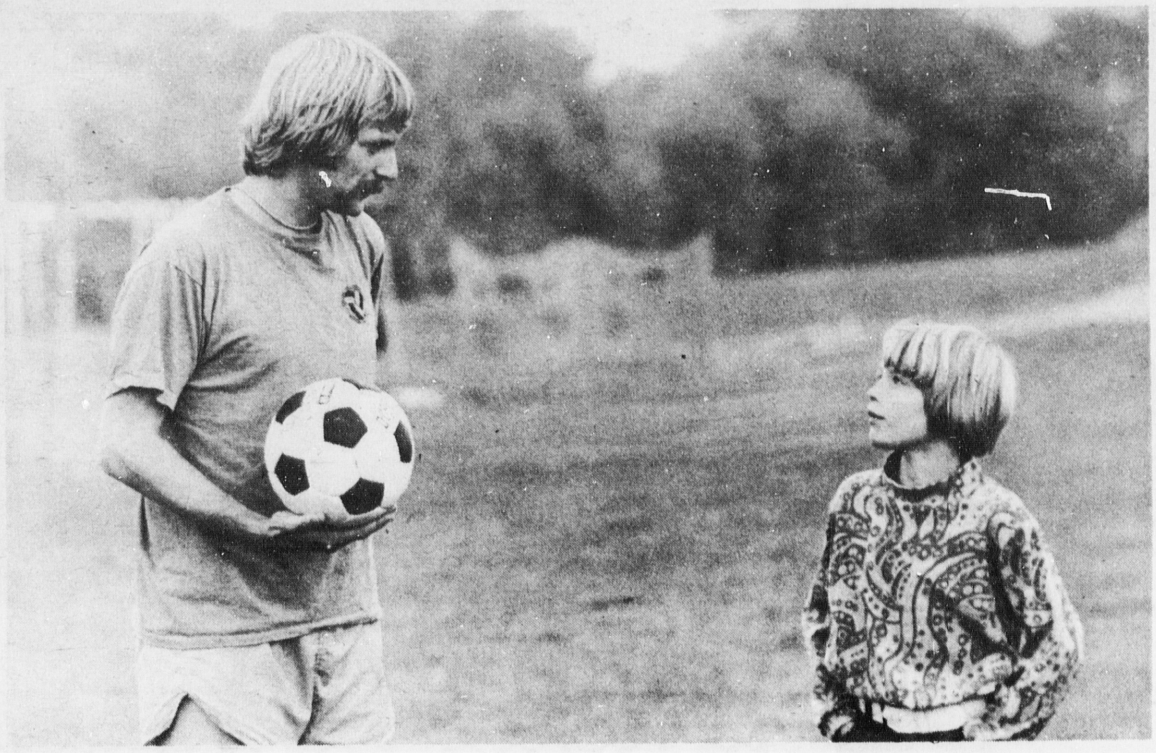

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it's like football,

see, but you can't

use your hands

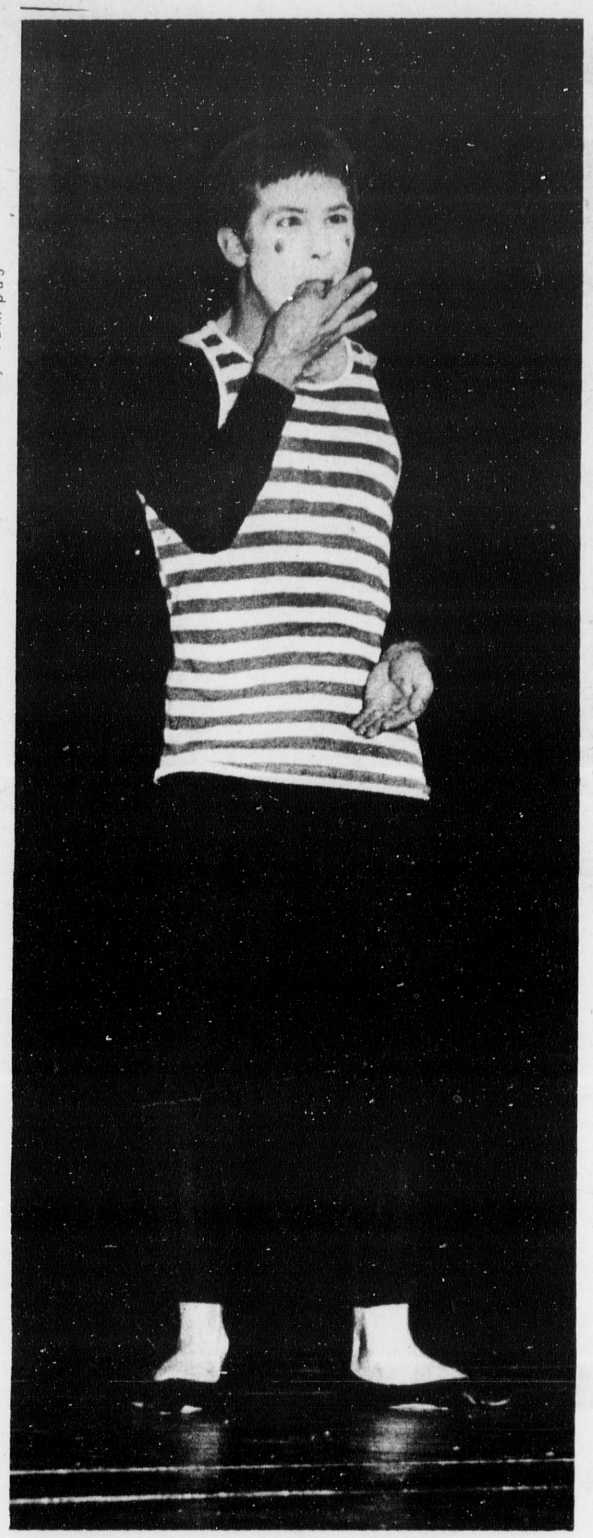

photo by peter culman

photo by peter culman

midd grad mimes to dreams

By JOHN RATHMAN

We parted ways at the Alibi, the left-handed Leo in search of new adventures, and I into the impotent blague of brewer's droop, both trying to continue the delight of an evening begun with the crazed happiness of mime. Peter Driscoll, graduate of this college, '72 (before there was a theater department), and Vermont's "only professional mime," captivated a full house with his predominately comic repertoire — vignettes particularly germane to the Middlebury audience.

Peter opened the show as a disconcerted actor, thrown disconsolately onstage, confronted with an invisible weight. Slowly he formed himself into that paragon of strength — the weightlifter — and bravely approached the now-formidable barbell. Attempt. Failure. And then, slowly, the weight was raised, up to where is transformed itself into a balloon, requiring mammoth effort to be dragged to earth.

And so the evening proceeded. Sudden metamorphosis of character and situation, objects expanding to absurdity and then returning; these provided the recurrent elements in Driscoll's show. Now a crotchety man, intent on slaying an equally cantankerous fly, became a frog feeding on the same infamous fly, then became a venus plant overdosing on one too many bugs, then became a charming insect preening himself, and finally, was swatted.

The audience followed these opium dreams with delight, laughing at the smallest movement, suddenly quiet as a tempered pathos was developed when an inept magician perhaps committed suicide, perhaps only erred once again. Tempo proceeded exquisitely, as one story folded into the next: an occasional cold moment appeared as the personna was found in an enclosing room, then almost a dance with his hands, one disobedient as the other scolds.

At intermission, the left-handed Leo, who is also the youngest son, turned wistfully. "You know what I wish? I wish I could go through life being able to have a good chuckle." People crowded the entrance, shyly waving their hands in mnemonic play, the memory and the anticipation combining in a subtle euphoria. And most resume their red Wright seats early, fluid laughter awaiting darkness.

The second half started with music, almost a dance-mime: 'You are what you eat." The Colonel slayed a chicken, plucked and fried it, then a red-and-white restaurant where a manic customer was eating, then pecking at his food, leaving the coop a fell-fed pullet. Non-bravely facing land, he became man, then receded back without celebration into the slime. The audience awaited the final twitch with a morbid fascination, and applauded before the lights went down.

The audience involvement was vocal, prodding, commenting. The next skit was entitled, "The Invisible Man," announced with a lettered, titled and short comment-mime. Then the invisible man subsumed the stage, white and off-pink lights on a brown floor, and the audience waited, applauded the lack of presence, waited and laughed, waited. Then the lights faded out on the phantom's bow. The audience approved the void before reflection.

And the Mirror. The audience could see itself, flawed and happy in the majority of the program. Who hasn't had the first impulse, the munchies, rewarded by nothing in the house? And who hasn't looked at a mirror, only to see what Peter showed himself seeing? This mime wasn't pure (or rather, too pure), and certainly wasn't abstract. A banana contains a banana which contains a banana, peeled, yet another banana appears—and already we need to eat it, but there's only another peel, a peal of laughter.

The staging was, as usual, perfect — some small consideration here for the staff of Wright Theater and for the MCAB — for an adequate compliment to the performance. And even the rain, muted on the theater roof, drowned out the necessary audience rustlings in a haze of gentle background.

Some of the performance belied Peter's youth — a very occasional violation of his spaces, perhaps not playing as much as he could with the indulgences of the audience — but the material neatly avoided the cliches of pantomime: the walking, the replacement of masks, and the rest.

As he noted in the afternoon workshop, the two delights of mime are "to entertain...by telling a story that surpasses the limitations of language...and by seeing the body go beyond itself." Add, of course, the continual concentration of the mime, and the pristine control of the focus (his focus, the audience's focus) on his immaterial world. In the workshop again, he demonstrated the difficulty of portraying walking a dog, then explained (verbally) the problems, while, in mime, folding the imagined leash!

And the audience was so entertained that it applauded an encore, and, after that, rewarded the performance with a round of standing applause. The mime had offered each something personal: a thought, an action recognizably his own. And the left-handed Leo, youngest son, left with a good chuckle.

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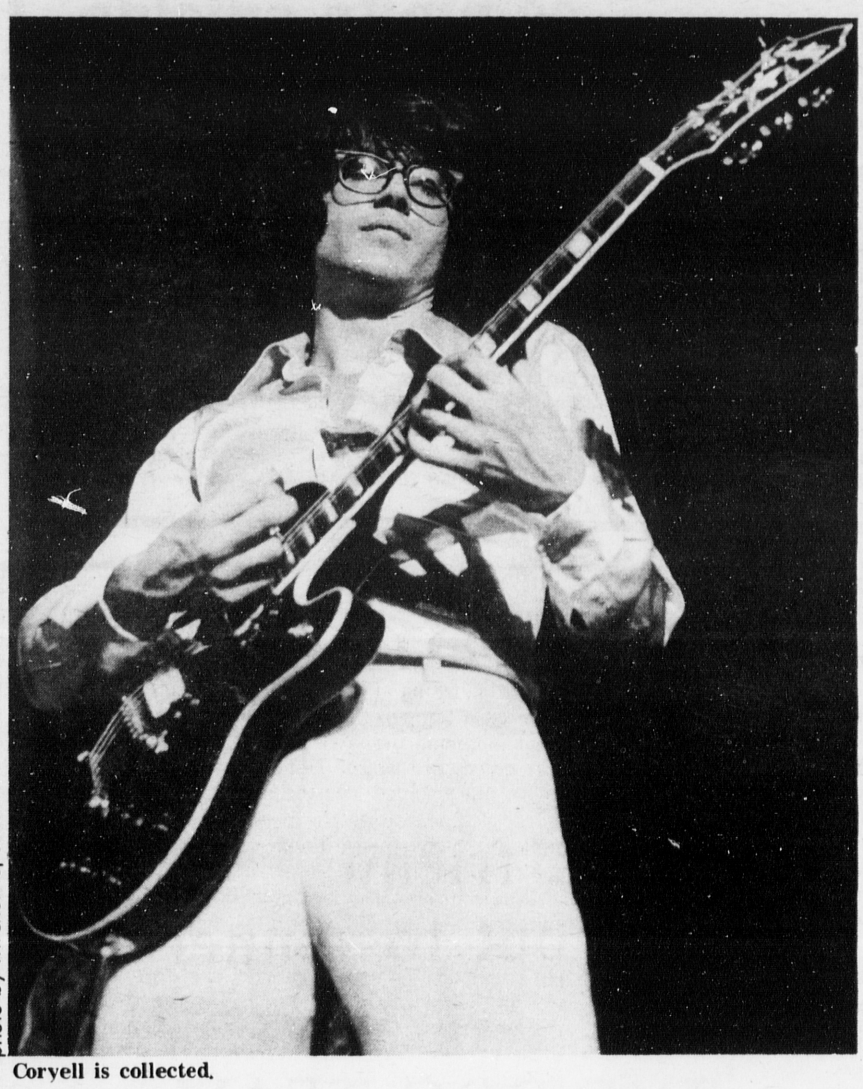
coryell whips buchanan in eleventh



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Coryell is collected.

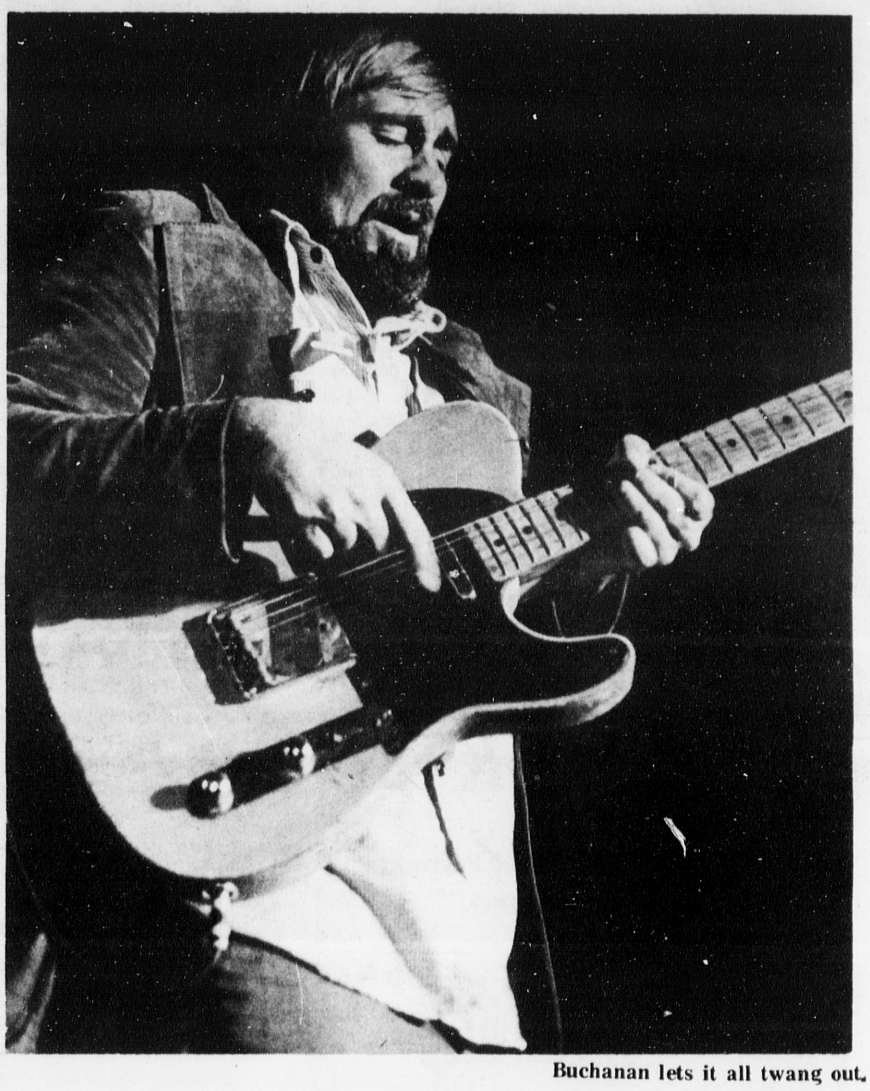

photo by michel lepeltier

Buchanan lets it all twang out.

By TOM TEICHOLZ

Billed as a battle of the guitar, the Buchanan-Coryell concert didn't provide much of a fight. The judge's decision: Coryell and the Eleventh House. Coryell scored points for his creativity, imaginative guitar work and for the tightness of his band.

Coryell played acoustic guitar on the opening number, demonstrating a sensitive sense of his instrument. Throughout his set, one song floated into another and he seemed to explore unknown areas of space with his guitar. The fieldhouse acoustics worked in Coryell's favor. Sounds screamed into the night, returned and disappeared once more, compounded with new rhythms. The tunes ranged greatly in sound, some moments recalling Mahavishnu's work on his "Inner Mounting Flame" album, sometimes evolving into "space jazz-" other rhymes winding down to an old R&B progression.

During the second half of the show, the Eleventh House played a good deal of tracks from its new Arista album, "Level One." The title track, a Mike Mandel composition, was particularly soothing. Many of the Eleventh House's members had a dream-like quality. The danger therein was that sometimes one got lost and drifted off but that only happened once or twice.

Coryell, in his tailored suit, silk shirt and thick black framed glasses, seemed to express an elegance that was reflected in his music. The sound was highly polished. The band was so well controlled: All the pieces fit together perfectly. Coryell went right from the last number into his encore number, finished the set with a polite word for Roy Buchanan and left.

Roy Buchanan was fun but basically disappointing. There were moments, flashes, when his technical virtuousity beamed and made the rest of his performance pale in comparison.

Many of his songs started off with traditional blues progressions and evolved into Hendrix-type distortions. The soft slow beginning of Hey Joe" was nice, but once it got going, Buchanan lost all the power the song had to offer. I much more enjoyed his version of Neil Young's "Down by the River." The main problem with Buchanan's performance was the disparity in talent between Buchanan and the members of his band and between Buchanan's moments of virtuosity and the rest of his playing.

This is not to say, had the battle of the guitars been determined set by set, number by number in an effort to derive a round for round fight, that Coryell would have knocked out Buchanan by the third round. Buchanan's talent is too great for that. Old master that he is, the fight was drawn out. Most of the early rounds would have gone to Coryell. Buchanan, though, deserves points for his congeniality; pure "relating": lapsing into Ronee Blaklee exegeses, drinking booze from the front rows. And surely the last few rounds would have gone to Buchanan, for during his encore set he had everyone swaying, nodding or shaking along with him.

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breadloaf writers don't politicize

By BOB DILLON

The 50th Annual Breadloaf Writer's Conference was marked by a quality of appreciation and support, according to Robert Pack, Director of the Writer's Conference and Professor of American Literature here at Middlebury. He went on to describe the 212 students of writing as a "enthusiastic group."

This year's conference held last August had a staff of eighteen, which included John Gardner, famed novelist, poet, critic, and teacher at Southern Illinois University. Also attending were four staff assistants and eight special lecturers, including several Pulitzer Prize winners and Guggenheim Fellows.

The Conference was founded in 1926, at the suggestion of Robert Frost, the first of its kind. It consists of two weeks of lectures, discussions, workshops, and readings.

The philosophy behind a Writer's Conference is difficult to define. The people who come to the conference all have different social and literary backgrounds. According to Pack, the fact that they are all here for a central purpose, to talk and learn about writing, gives the Conference a great degree of diversity and intensity.

Pack also said that the Conference was a particularly happy one because of the absence of political debate. "You don't have to like somebody's politics to appreciate their writing. This year people here seemed to realize that."

Future prospects for the Breadloaf Writer's Conference look very bright, says Mr. Pack, who will continue as Director for the next three years. Enrollments are up and the Conference has been consistently breaking even.

former prof commits suicide

Dr. Alan Carter, former chairman of the Middlebury College music department, was found dead in his car week. Regional Medical Examiner Dr. L.S. Walker of Middlebury said Carter died of carbon monoxide poisoning. State police in Middlebury have listed the incident as a suicide.

Carter, 71, founded the Vermont Symphony Orchestra in 1934. At the time of his death he was director of the orchestra, and a former conductor. In 1946 he founded the Composers' Conference and Chamber Music Center, now located at Johnson State College.

He had been a trustee and past president of the Vermont Council on the Arts, Inc., a trustee of the Association of College and University Concert Managers, and held an honorary doctorate of music from the University of Vermont.

During his distinguished career in Vermont he received numerous honors including the Alice M. Ditson Conductors' Award from Columbia University, the Award of Merit for Outstanding Service to American Music from the National Association for American Composers, and the Vermont Governor's Award for Excellence in the Arts.

A memorial service was held last Sunday at Mead Chapel.

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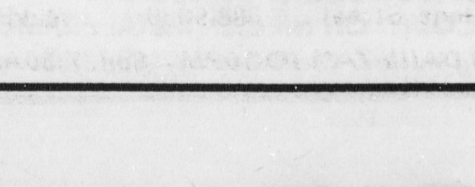

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hunting in the savage wilderness

By HARRY WEYHER

The anti-hunting movement is well-armed with advocates. Many of these dauntless "defenders" of wildlife, so-called "conservationists," deserve credit for challenging, and often rectifying, legitimate threats to our environment. Their widespread concern seems God-sent at a time when exploitation of our natural resources is reaching plague proportions.

Hunting, however, should not generate such concerns.

I was introduced to hunting at an early age, and as a sport I have grown attached to it. My youthful passion for it made me proud unphased by the condemnations of a few. However, I found it necessary to rally argumentitive skills and gather relevant facts to ward off the new attacks of critics. I continue to hunt. I do so unburdened by any sense of guilt and have developed a new conscientiousness.

Hunting today is like other sports because it has rules. To cheat is to mar any game. But, unique to hunting, violation of the rules makes one responsible for potentially devastating effects on all wildlife, even on man himself. Damages can be so severe as to be irreparable. For this reason, the sport's "code of ethics" must be practiced and adhered to relentlessly. To obey the rules is to win every time. As a sportsman and as conservationist.

The United States has become increasingly conscious of the externalities that threaten its wildlife and has begun more diligently to employ know-how, technology, and **hunters** to protect it. Human populations have grown drastically, impinging upon wildlife habitats which once supported many more animals. Man, having altered nature, must now reintroduce himself as a managing and improving institution in order to preserve this natural resource. Without him many wild animals are now defenseless. No longer can species control their own imbalances. Some animals will hasten their own extinction if unattended.

The hunter is a source of the finance needed to support wildlife management. As a result of the Pittman-Robertson Act of 1937 (which placed an 11% Federal excise tax on all guns and ammunition) and the $118 million collected for hunting licenses, fees, and duck stamps, the hunter contributes $161 million per year to the conservation of game and non-game wildlife. Secondly, the hunter, regardless of his personal concern, acts as a link in the many broken symbiotic relationships of the animal world. With a close eye on numbers and their natural prey, experts use the hunter as a control device, regulating his take through the issuing of licenses. Thirdly, the true hunter, who realizes both the necessity of carefully planned management and his own responsibilities, respects game laws and reports violators.

Hunting, unlike other sports, has not evolved from strategic and imaginative genius. Instead, it originated to serve a vital purpose: to provide food for the hunter. It has fed the caveman, and it has catered to the delicate tastes of kings. It feeds the impoverished American Indian and it satisfies the five star connoisseur. To hunt is to feed. The former without the latter is a cardinal sin and a disrespect to the sport's integrity.

Here in Vermont we hunt the Whitetail deer; a source of delicious food and, despite its plentiful numbers, a challenge seldom surpassed in North American big game hunting. Of all the resident and non-resident sportsmen who hunted in Vermont last year during the regular sixteen day season, about 15% were successful in bagging a buck from the state's estimated deer population of 115,000.

Nevertheless, hunting goes against the grain of a growing number of people who regard it as sheer cruelty. Undoubtedly, those same people would find a visit to a slaughterhouse a disagreeable experience. The hunter, I believe, holds a more realistic view of wild animal life for he sees the forest as not just song and breezes. It is filled with savages who know no such thing as brotherhood; frankly only food, fear, and fornication. To understand it thoroughly one must be a hunter. Regardless of the hunter's ability, it is my opinion that he is most often the one who best respects, knows, and protects everyone's wildlife.

green mountain diversions

photo by michel lepeltier

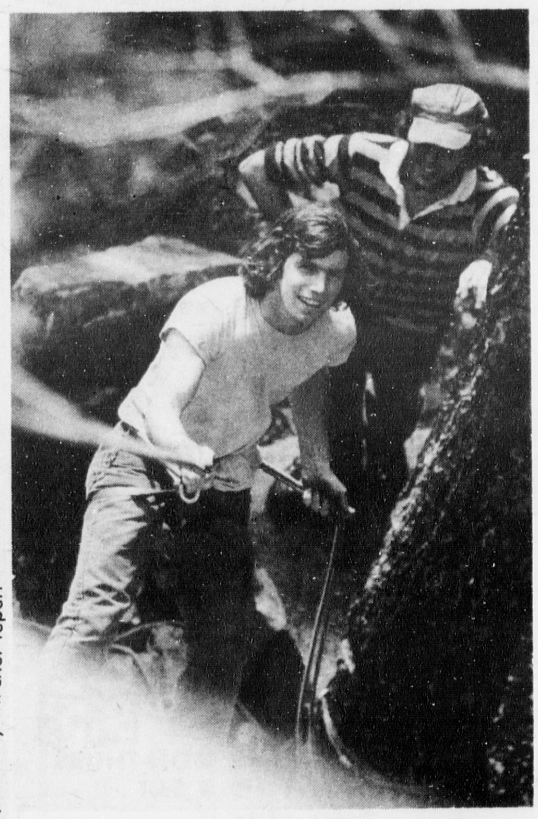

photo by michel lepeltier

Ten miles south of Middlebury is Lake Dunmore and on the east side of the lake lie the elusive slabs and walls of "The Cascades." For those inclined towards Andean summits and mammoth Himalayan faces, The Cascades are a good place to begin or practice. Easy to difficult friction climbs, jam cracks, laybacks and even minor overhangs can be found and top-roped. For more information. including facts about afternoon expeditions, check the MMC bulletin board in Proctor or contact the head of the MMC Rock Climbing section, Dave Gustafson.

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field hockey team crushes castleton, 8-2

By JOYCE STEIJN

The sky was gray, the field wet and slippery, and a cold mist was sifting down over Battell Field. The crowd was small for the debut of Middlebury's varsity field hockey team, but poor conditions didn't stop the Panthers from rolling over Castleton, 8-2. The crowd grew as the game wore on, and the team got plenty of vocal encouragement from the sidelines. Right inner Edie MacAusland came through with four of those goals, while left wing Ellen Fisher and center forward Jennifer Cogswell split the other four.

The Panthers proved strong in the first half, leading 4-1 at halftime. Middlebury's Ellen Fisher scored first. Edie MacAusland took the next two goals, and the Panthers led 3-0. Castleton's center forward Crosby scored on a penalty shot to banish any hopes of a shutout. Castleton fans had little time to enjoy that moment, however, since left wing Fisher quickly scored again, and both teams headed for the sidelines.

Shortly after the second half began, MacAusland came through again, making it 5-1. Fans were just beginning to complain that the game was getting dull when a Panther forward made a thrilling breakaway, dodged the fullback and shot, only to be foiled by the Castleton goalie. Castleton scored its second and final goal by deflecting the ball as it crossed the cage on a ricochet off the body of a defensive player. With thirteen minutes left in the game, center Jennifer Cogswell increased the Panthers' lead to four. Castleton was a long way back, but seemed to still be entertaining hopes of catching up. These hopes were dashed when MacAusland made her fourth goal. Castleton seemed demoralized and tired for the remainder of the game, and there was no more action until the half minute mark, when center Cogswell scored again for Middlebury's eighth and final goal.

Although the team did well, Castleton presented very little challenge. Middlebury's defense grew somewhat lax and coverage in the circle was not as tight as it could have been. Thanks to mistakes by Castleton forwards and excellent work by the Panthers' goalie, Castleton was held to two goals. The score says all that needs to be said about Middlebury's offensive line. Edie MacAusland is living up to expectations, and freshman wing Katy Manning showed a lot of hustle and made some good passes. The team is looking strong overall, and they'll get a chance to show this strength when they play against a more substantial opponent, Williams, October 1 at 4:15 on Battell Field.

green dumps panthers, 3-1

By J. R. TURNEY

An inspired Dartmouth soccer team opened its 1975 season with a resounding victory over the 10th rated Panther booters. This gave Dartmouth its first win over Middlebury in the last three years and seems to herald a resurgence in Dartmouth's soccer fortunes.

Middlebury was first on the board when, seven minutes into the game, Steven Sass chipped the ball over the heads of the Dartmouth fullbacks and Parson Swaffield converted the pass into Midd's only tally on a beautiful diving header. It was spectacular but it was the final potent offensive thrust that the large Middlebury fan contingent was fated to see.

Dartmouth stormed back about three minutes later when defensive stalwart Steve Papai took a corner kick and blasted the ball past the Midd defense.

Then, with about fifteen minutes left in the first half, Dartmouth had their second goal kick which they parlayed into their second score. Bruce Bokor hit a perfect corner which Bruce Hutchinson headed into the upper left hand corner of the Midd goal. Once ahead, Dartmouth was never seriously threatened.

The failure to mention more positive aspects of Midd's play and players is once more attributable to the superiority showed during the course of the game. But Midd has a young team and improvement should be rapid, with Springfield on tap, Monday the 30th, improvement better be immediate.

photo by kim reiland

Panther co-captain Steve Bouchard. The offensive line he centers had problems against the big Wesleyan defense.

panther offense stalls,

By TOM MEAGHER

The unfortunately appropriate end of a long, dreary week came Saturday at Andrus Field in Middletown, Connecticut as the Panther football squad never quite got things going and lost to the Wesleyan Cardinals, 13-0.

It was a long, long afternoon for the Panthers. Quarterback Jack Leary couldn't buy a completed, and it took him until the fourth quarter to finally connect with John Dobek for two yards, the only Panther passing yardage of the day. Leary ended up with just that one completion in eight attemps.

Leary's problems arose in part from the pressure of the powerful Wesleyan defensive front five, which averaged 200 pounds per man. The Cardinal's line was also responsible for checking the Midd ground game. Despite the noteworthy efforts of Karl Miran, Dave Lapann and Steve Bouchard on the Panther offensive line, Middlebury managed only 78 yards on the ground in the first half and even less in the second.

The Panther defense got very little breathing time on the sidelines as a result of the team's offensive problems. When you consider that in the third quarter the Panther offense only ran three plays and punted once, you can imagine what kind of afternoon the Midd defense had. Wesleyan quarterback, Brad Vanacore, worked the Panther defense all day, picking apart the secondary for 17 completions in 27 attempts, mixing his plays well and moving steadily for first down after first down, coming up with 23 in all.

Wesleyan got on the scoreboard first at 6:27 of the first quarter. Starting from their own 29, the Cardinals moved the remaining 71 yards to score. The big play was a fourth and thirteen pass from Vanacore to split end John Gabey that went for 31 yards and six points.

Middlebury and Wesleyan traded punts well into the second quarter and the game became a grudging defensive battle. Midd safety Jack Kuharich changed the pace of things by making an over-the-shoulder interception of a Vanacore pass at the Panther 35. Strong blocking by the line got the Panthers moving, and Kenny

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harriers sport new coach, old pros

By JOHN MacKENNA

The men's Cross Country Team has good reason to be optimistic this fall. because they have an excellent chance of improving last year's 7-6 record. All of last year's standouts are back.

Terry Aldrich, the new coach. is doing a fine job of whipping the team into shape. Chris Baldwin said. "Coach Aldrich is not as colorful as John Bauer. but he is a lot more concerned with the runners. As long as the running season is on. he is devoted to us." Aldrich has not coached cross country running before. but after several seasons of ski and track coaching. he knows all about conditioning.

The team is strengthened by the return of a much improved Colyn Case. After a year off, the junior returns as captain and top runner.

Some hard-working freshmen. Gary Powell, Jim Goodwin and Greg Waters. add depth and future hope to the team. This squad has a tremendous future ahead. The top runners are all juniors and sophomores. An unexpected addition to the squad is senior Dave Webster who was forced by an injury to relinquish his starting spot on the varsity football squad. Since joining the Harriers. he had held his own in the tough workouts.

Perhaps the most significant change is the new course which is mostly in woods and pasture. The old course was primarily on pavement. The course. which is almost complete. will start and finish near the football stadium. The fans may see some exciting finishes at half-time.

The team's improvement is the result of a lot of hard work during the summer and the fall. To prepare for the five mile races, the team does workouts ranging from series of quarter mile sprints to twelve mile runs. The best runners compliment this, with morning runs. Coach Aldrich said. "Cross country is a sport which demands a tremendous amount of hard work and devotion. These athletes are the most highly conditioned in the school."

The only significant loss is the disappearance of captain-elect Mark Vernon. Rumor places him somewhere between Alaska and Nepal.

shutout 13-0

Chase finally brought the Panthers into the Wesleyan side of the mid-field stripe.

However, Jack Leary was dumped back at the Midd 43 yard line while attempting to pass, and that put an end to the Panther drive.

Two Midd fumbles weren't reversed by the whistles, and they both came at times when the Panthers looked like they might be moving into striking distance. Jimmy Williams came up with Midd's second interception, which combined with a penalty against Wesleyan for late hitting (a frequent call against the Cardinals all day). This gave the Panthers the ball at the Wesleyan 37. But on the first play from scrimmage, Ken Chase fumbled.

Wesleyan's other touchdown came at the beginning of the fourth quarter. The Panthers had halted the Cardinals at the 8 (with Paul Prisby supplying a key tackle on fourth down). and with their backs to the wall Roy Heffernan quick-kicked for Midd on third down. The Cardinals took over at their own 49, and a draw play and a swing pass brought them down to the 18. Another draw. a play the Midd defense had problems with all day. covered the remaining yardage.

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LOSING STREAK

By TOM MEAGHER

Suddenly, Edie planted a roundhouse right upside the head of a Castleton fullback. The Castleton player was a "petite" girl who, when playing, looked like a living answer to the question of what Dick Butkus might look like in drag. Edie finished off with a left jab. "Fish" had a headlock on a nearby Castleton forward and was remodeling the poor girl's nose. And Martha was standing demurely atop the flattened-out Castleton goalie, or at least that part of the goalie which hadn't yet vanished beneath the mud. Both benches emptied, of course, and colorful shrieks echoed from Pearsons to the Batts.

Ah, women's field hockey!

I'd never actually watched a women's field hockey game before, and the above is the kind of thing that I was imagining when I left the field last Wednesday. These girls were playing for keeps! It was a dreary, soggy afternoon, and it was muddy and slick on the field and they were all falling down, but they were still swinging away at what looked like a croquet ball. No, better yet—the first thing that the game reminded me of was a kind of team golf, only that you had to run for the ball and, more importantly, other people wanted to hit the ball in a different goddamn direction. Somebody standing nearby me kept yelling "Fore" everytime a girl swung and missed, so my first impression seems to have occured to others as well.

Certain things kept coming to mind. For instance, how can they even come close to hitting that ball? The head of the stick they were using seemed to be ridiculously small for such a fast-paced game, and, on top of that, you apparently couldn't use the back of the head. Obviously, you have to practice, but still I figured that in about three years, if I worked at it, I'd be good enough to hit the ball maybe two out of ten times. Once if it was moving at all.

Another thing: not meaning to be a sexist, but those were women playing and supposed to have nice legs and all (aren't they?), but none of them seemed to notice that those sticks they were swinging around could easily make kindling out of someone's shin.

I guess what I'm trying to say is that I was surprised. I enjoyed watching, certainly, but I hadn't really been prepared for the way the game was being played. Maybe this column is simply displaying an incredible naivete about the female sex, but there is something definitely surprising to me in the sight of four or five girls on the ground, swinging sticks and knocking each other over in front of a net. Nothing wrong, mind you, but surprising.

The fans were interesting, too. Some of the guys there, it seemed were nervously condescending: like myself, they weren't really sure what to do or how to act so, what the hell, they'd kid the girls about it. Especially when a player fell down, which, considering the playing conditions, was to be expected.

But maybe there's a kind of threat involved to that well known male ego; I know I couldn't play that game the way Middlebury and Castleton were playing, and if I exerted myself, really pushed, and wound up heading for the ground, I'd probably fall wrong and die.

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announcements

consort concert

The Middlebury College Concert Series will present the best known of all early music ensembles in the United States, the Waverly Consort, 8:15 p.m. Monday, Oct. 6 in Mead Chapel.

This group of nine young singers and players, with their great variety of Renaissance and Baroque instruments, has been hailed by the New York Times as "one of our best ensembles with performances extraordinarily accomplished and smooth, yet filled with spontaneity and a sense of engagement."

Backed by years of intensive research, in libraries and museums around the world, these dedicated young singers and players of highly specialized work on rare instruments, offer programs which are unique in the contemporary concert hall. They invite their audiences back in time to an era in which music was not something to be listened to respectfully by just a select audience, but was made and enjoyed by everyone from prince to peasant as an intimate experience and an integral part of daily life.

Admission to this unusual concert is $4 at the door, or by Concert Series ticket.

recycle!

Recycling signs have been posted this weekend. Please recycle your newspapers and magazines.

The E.Q. office will be open between 7 and 10 Sun., Mon., and Wed. to be used as a research library. Feel free to use it.

horse fair

Wagon wheels will roll once again in Vermont's Northeast Kingdom the weekend of Oct. 3-5 when New England Draft Horse Days is held in Craftsbury Common.

Friday, October 3rd is a practice day. Saturday, Oct. 4th is devoted to a 10-mile Wagon Marathon drive. Sunday Morning will see the start of the teamster obstacle

Tickets to the supper may be reserved by calling Sterling at 802-586-2561 during office hours.

folk dancing

There will be international folk-dancing every Wednesday night on the first floor of Johnson at 8:30. Everyone is welcome.

classifieds

LOST: pale orange striped male kitten named Lopez. Contact Mandy, Chi Psi or C2159.

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MA 101, 112, 113 Students: If the solutions to your assignments seem somewhat less than clear, perhaps you could use the help of a patient math major. Problem sessions are being held for your benefit every Tuesday and Thursday, 1-3 p.m. in the Math Office, 2nd floor Warner.

"All certified FOOMer's, TTB's, KOF's, RFO's and Marvel maniacs, how about a meeting in Hepburn lounge, (the new one) Thursday 8:00. FIAWOL.

Wanted: My recorder back. I left it in Johnson painting studio. It was a gift. (It's wooden, a tenor, and in a brown canvas case.) No questions asked — It has no resale value at all. Please. Thank-you.
J. Kramer, Box 2484.

Humble apologies to all wrongly accused; digital salutations to the scoundrel who "fixed up my room." Own up, you fart.
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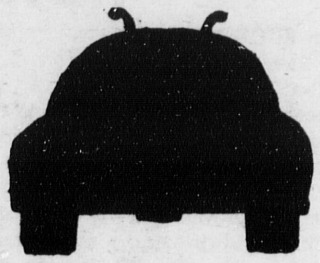

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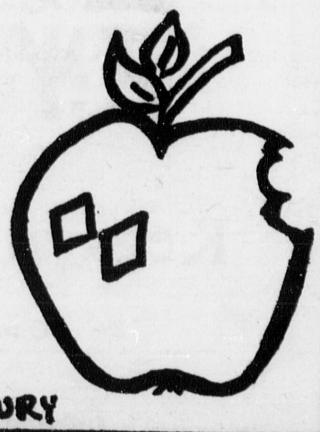

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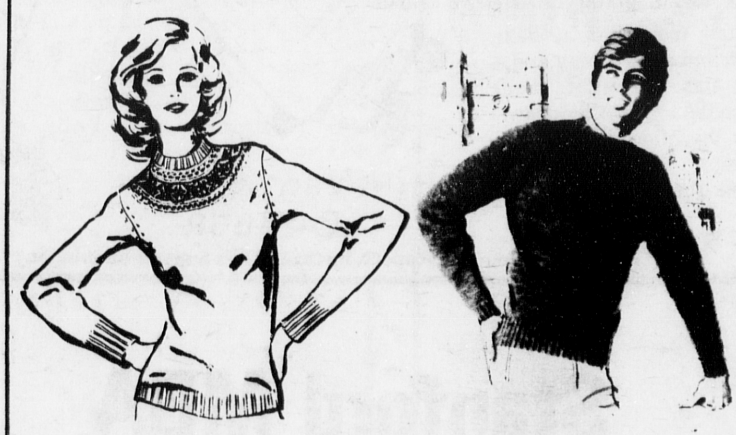

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